The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Making Tatting.

SHELTERED by the maple's shade,
Sits a fair-haired, bonnie maid:
Brightest sunbeams gleam and glance,
Through the leaves that o'er her dance,
As the fragrance laden breeze,
Whispers to the listening trees.
And anon her young voice rings,
Clear and flute-like, as she sings,
Till the robin stills the note,
Trembling in his swelling throat,
While he views the singer fair,
Rivalling his wild notes rare.

Other maidens, one, two, three,
Now beneath the maple tree;
And their joyous laughter clear,
Like a brooklet's ripple near,
Rises, falls, then floats away,
With the echoes sweet, to stay
Busily with their tasks they vie,
In and out the shuttles fly,
As they sit there gaily chatting,
And their fingers weave the tatting.

Little maids, it hath been said,
Life is but a tangled thread.
"Life a thread! then what are we?"
Someting like your shuttles — see,
In and out the shuttles go,
Weaving up the threads, and so,
In and out our busy way
Leads through lights and shades each day;
Weaving still our thread, we go
In and out through joy and woe.

When our work on earth is done,
When the thread of life is run,
May we show a tracing fair;
Like your dainty pattern there,
May our way shine pure and white,
Nothing wrong—all done aright;
Then, Oh! may our weary feet,
Find a haven safe and sweet.

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Popular Notions.

ANNIE Yolland's Grandpa Tuffield or "Toffee," as my papa used to call him out of fun, was a rosy, chubby, curly white haired, and black eyed old gentleman, whom I greatly admired. He often came with his daughter, also rosy, chubby and black eyed, who was little Martha Yolland's favorite aunt, (and whom she greatly resembled,) to see his grandchildren, and give them rides up and down the street in his pony chaise, a privilege of great pride and delight to them.

Once he invited Annie and me, knowing that I was her particular friend, to go back with him in the chaise, and spend a day and night at his house at Tottenham, or Topenum, as little Martha had it. How pleased we were to sit on the back seat together; being whirled along by the frisky pony, and laughing and making remarks about everything and everybody we saw, even, sometimes, bowing to the people in the streets, Grandpa Tuffield looking back to see what made people stare, when we would sit very upright with our eyes turned in an opposite direction. When we arrived at our destination, the pony was put into a little stable at the end of a kitchen garden that seemed full of bloom and fragrance, and we went into the house, where we were welcomed in the parlor by Mr. Tuffield's second wife, and Annie's aunt, beside whom, I felt dreadfully ashamed of

my slender arms and shoulders. Mrs. Tuffield impressed me as I soon found an opportunity of telling Annie, with an idea of her having been a widow before she married Grandpa Tuffield, and of having been accustomed to going to funerals of distant relations, and putting on complimentary mourning. I suppose I saw all this in a jet brooch she wore and a sprig of jet flowers in her black cap. I also considered that she was what some people would describe as "very genteel." Mrs. Tuffield presided at the tea-table with such precision of manner, and the bread and butter was so elegant and wafer-like, that the appetite the ride gave me I felt was not to be indulged, and when the plate was passed to me for the third time, though in a most graceful manner, I took the slice of bread and butter with the deepest blush overspreading my face, as if self convicted of gluttony. After tea we were told to amuse ourselves as we liked best, and we were left alone. I took down a book from a small shelf, and Annie reproved me for the liberty, saying too, "Grandfather will think I did it." Soon after Grandpa Tuffield's coming in again, he exclaimed, "Ah! you like reading do you?"

"Yes," replied Annie for me, with a laugh, "she's always reading."

"That's well! That's well!" exclaimed Grandpa Tuffield.

"But I don't think I should care to read this book sir," said I.

"Eh! what? why, what is it about?"

"It is a very dry book, about 'death bed repentance,' I think, and one of the stories is about some sailor who repented when he was shipwrecked, and sang a very long hymn whilst he was drowning, and I don't believe any one could do that, for the water would get into his mouth and the waves would jolt him about and make his voice sound so queerly."

"Hum! Papistical influences at work here, I see," said Grandpa Tuffield pursing up his lips and looking towards his wife.

"It was his joy in the Lord, that enabled him to sing for gladness at that awful hour, but those who put their trust in Virgin Marys and relics, and beads, and pater nosters, might well be sore afraid. Perhaps Annie had told Grandpa Tuffield of my habit of making the sign of the cross after my prayers, a habit learnt at a Roman Catholic boarding school. But without any further knowledge on the subject than this, and the fact of my mother having been born in Italy, and speaking with me in Italian, he at once had determined that I was a Roman Catholic, and as a staunch Methodist, felt impelled to arouse me to a sense of the danger of being one.

Said he, "I'll tell you an anecdote."

A boy who had just been confessing to a Priest, asked him, 'How much am I to pay you for absolution?"

"One shilling," says the Priest.

"Well," says the boy, "who do you confess to?"

"To the Bishop."

"And who does he confess to?"

"To the Cardinal."

"And who does he confess to?"

"To the Pope."

"And who does the Pope confess to!"

"To God."

"Well," says the boy, *I'll do the same and save my shilling*," and Grandpa Tuffield laughed heartily.

"But, Mr. Tuffield," said I, "it is not true that people have to pay money to be absolved. It is only if they truly repent that they can be absolved at all, and the Pope can confess to *any* priest."

"Ah! shocking thing," continued Grandpa Tuffield without heeding my words, "poor benighted beings, kissing the Pope's great toe, and bowing to stocks and stones!"

Turning round I saw that Annie wore a properly shocked expression of countenance, and seeing in this a disloyalty to me, and wishing to remove Mr. Tuffield's prejudices where I saw that they were the result of incorrect information, I spoke with such enthusiasm in favor of my acquaintance, that I have no doubt he considered me as a "brand for the burning," and an unsafe companion for his grandchildren. He at last silenced my refutations by asking what I thought of "Fox's Martyrs," for as I had often at the house of "the Dowager" pored over that book, my flesh creeping with horror at the fearful illustrations. I could not defend the Papists from the charge of cruelty, though I was bold enough to say, that Queen Elizabeth had put people to death, and tortured them, for their religion, too.

Then Annie was asked to sing, and she feeling bashful, said she would sing a hymn if I would sing with her, so as I had many times before sung "Canaan" and "There is a happy land" with her, I sang them now, much to Grandpa Tuffield's satisfaction.

At Annie's next birthday party, when any girl asked my name, Annie always laughed slily in telling it, and they in hearing it. "Why! it's not an English name!"

"No, it's a Roman name; her mamma was born in Italy, and she can speak Italian just as well as English." Then there would be a whispering in which I could hear the words "sign of the cross," and "Is she a Roman Catholic then?" and all eyes would be turned to me as though they looked on a leper. But when Annie showed her presents they all exclaimed that mine was the prettiest, and they drew nearer to me.

There was a cousin of Annie's, concerning whom I had always to struggle with a feeling of jealousy. It was she, round whose waist Annie's arm was constantly being thrown and with whom Annie jumped on the sofa and screamed the loudest in the game of "blind man's buff," and it was always she and Annie who left the room together to get a drink from the water pitcher, or shut themselves up in the bed room with a stained glass door to talk secrets and laugh together. And I never cared to play in any game from which Annie was absent, and I was too proud to speak to the strange children who seemed very odd to me because they used such expressions as "aint it though," "I shan't," "Oh my!" "I say!" and were dressed in thick, high necked dresses and black boots unlike what I had been used to seeing at juvenile parties, where the little girls looked more like fairies than anything else.

Once Annie was showing a little book in which was written "To Annie Yolland from Tissy Somerville," "Tissy! what a name," cried one of the girls.

"It is a pet name for Elizabeth, she is the daughter of Sir William Somerville, and she goes to see Clelia very often, and one day she saw me over the wall in Grandpa Yolland's garden, and then Clelia brought me this book from her."

I had never told Annie that it was I who had begged the gift for her. "What!" exclaimed one of the girls, "Do you know any Lords and Ladies to speak to?"

"Yes, several, sometimes they come to see mamma, and sometimes mamma takes me to visit them."

"And what do they look like?" asked another.

"Like ladies and gentlemen."

"But don't the Countesses all wear long trains and feathers and quantities of diamonds all over them?"

"They dress the same as other ladies and don't wear much jewelry unless it is when they go to parties or at the theatre, or the court when they always wear a train, and feathers too, but in the morning, they dress very plainly, they are not a quarter as showily dressed as you are; they would be ashamed to wear such a lot of different colors, and they are not always talking about fashions."

"How wicked of them to go to the theayter," said another girl. "I should think they would be afraid. My father says that the devil is always there, and those who go to see "play actors" will never get to heaven unless they repent, and many have been punished by being burnt to death in a theayter."

"Churches are burned down sometimes," said I.

"Do Lords and and Ladies always go out for a ride in a gilt coach?" asked a third girl.

"Gilt coach," I repeated with contempt. "That's only fit for a 'Lord Mayor's show;' I wouldn't ride in one for anything."

After this conversation, I noticed that every one wanted to sit near me in the games which followed, and which had been left to my suggestion. "Oranges and lemons," "Here comes an old Soldier," "My lady's toilet," "Hunt the Slipper," "Coach," and "Threading my grandmother's needle." How they all screamed and laughed! Poor Mrs. Yolland was glad to sit away in some room by herself or with the baby, only coming in once in a while to see that we were not likely to break anything, and that we each had our share of cake and lemonade. By and by in "I have a little dog, and he don't love you, and he don't love you, and he *does* love you," Annie threw the handkerchief at my feet, and I felt happier. Soon after that she laughed heartily at something droll I said, and I felt doubly happy, but always with the feeling of one who is walking at dusk in the neighborhood of a pitfall.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

HURRY and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill—but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

IMPATIENCE. — In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.

For the Myrtle.

A Valiant Hunter.

SING a song of hunting!
The Corporal has gone,—
Taken to the war-path
With all his feathers on.

Sword beside him swinging,
Gun upon his back,
Everything that wants to live
Better clear the track!

Bouncing round and round him,
Dog as big as he,
Oh, they are a brave pair,
To march to victory!

Plunging through the forest,
Valiantly they go,—
Forest made of wheat-stacks,
Standing in a row.

In this awful jungle,
Lives a world of things,—
Savage beasts of plunder,
Birds of mighty wings.

Yonder sits an eagle,—
So the Corporal sees,—
Balanced on a wheat-stalk,
Swinging in the breeze.

There a dreadful tiger
Sitting up to spring,—
See the Corporal aim his gun,
Down the monster bring!

Bang! cries out the hunter,
Breathless waits the dog.
Stirs not sparrow from the wheat
Nor woodchuck from the log

Woodchuck sits and chatters,
Sparrow cocks his eye,
Just as if no deadly foe
Were so very nigh!

Ah, my valiant Corporal,
Making such a show,
You may wave a hundred plumes,
But your gun must go!

Nothing worth your shooting,
E'er will fall, or run,
Though you bang forever,
With a wooden gun!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Mutual Benefits.

OH, how I wish we could get some of those lilies," said Kate, to Mary as they loitered by the river bank, where they had come for an afternoon walk. The lilies were growing on the opposite side of the river all along the shallows where the ford was. They sat like queens on the water, great white, full blown lilies, some of them almost near enough to reach, but not quite. And the girls could only long for them in vain. They had no boat to row out into the stream, and there was no bridge, not even a footbridge. They could only stand on the bank and sigh, as the fox sighed after the grapes.

While they stood there, a man with a couple of boys in a farmer's wagon appeared on the opposite bank. They looked long and anxiously at the ford, and were evidently strangers to the place. "They want to cross," said Kate, "and don't know where to drive. I have a good mind to tell them."

"No, wait," said timid Mary. "Perhaps they'll inquire."

Soon the man saw them, and called across the river. "Young ladies," said he, "do you know anything about this ford?"

"Yes, sir," said Kate.

"Is it safe crossing?"

"Yes, sir, if you keep down pretty well,—even with the road. But don't drive too far this way, for it's deeper."

"How deep is it?" asked the man. "I must not wet the grain in my wagon."

"Oh, it will not come so high as the box," said Kate, "not higher than the hub of the wheel."

The man drove slowly and carefully in. "Shall I thank you now, or shall I wait till I get safely across?" he asked smiling.

Kate's face blushed and then she called suddenly and brightly. "Please thank us *now*."

The man stopped his horse in surprise. Mary plucked at Kate's dress in distress. But she quickly explained herself as she added,—"thank us by bringing us some lilies, for we can't reach them."

Then the two boys, who had not said a word, clambered over the wagon-box like two squirrels, and leaned out of the back of the wagon. The man held his horse, and the boys drew in handful after handful of the beautiful lilies until they had a great white heap of them.

They all reached the shore safely. The boys handed out their store of dripping lilies. The man lifted his hat and said in a courtly and smiling manner "Receive our thanks." The girls made stately bows and smilingly answered "and ours." And the man drove on.

"Well!" said Mary, "I should think we *were* thanked!"

"One good turn deserves another, they say," quoted Kate, "and this time seems to get it."

"But people don't often get a chance to buy lilies with good advice," said Mary, laughing.

"Well it was a fair bargain," persisted Kate, "I'm sure he wanted the advice, quite as much as we wanted the lilies, each gave what the other wanted, that's the beauty of it."

"That's a part of the beauty," said Mary as they walked along, and after she had thought a moment. "That's a part of it, but the best is, that each *had it to give*. Advice or lilies—somebody's ready for what you have. It's a great system of give and take."

"What is?"

"Everything."

"Well!" said Kate with a long breath, "that's deeper than the ford. I haven't got any farther than to find out how sweet the lilies are!"

H. A. B.

Canary-Bird.

"A very pretty incident is related of a canary-bird by a Georgia paper. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open, that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantel-shelf where there was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from his box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake; and, becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came: and, moody and dispirited, he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day; and, although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again."

A MAN'S reputation has been very aptly compared to a sheet of white paper, which, if it be once blotted can hardly ever be made to look as spotless as before. Apologists of youthful immoralities should think of this.

The Boys.

THERE come the boys! oh dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket.

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors,—oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know the boys who ride them!

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks!
What brave hats made out of paper!

The dinner-bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter
Is really quite a grave affair,—
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Ah, could we but bear about us
This thought,—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother;"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently we chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket.

Thistles in the Heart.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds. A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprung up, O, how quickly! and in a little time another and another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more seed and more thistles. And now his heart is overgrown with this bad habit. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for a gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle, after it has once gained a footing in the soil. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."

The New Service Book.

The New Service-book issued by the Publishing House is winning golden opinions. Said a minister, who is also a Sunday School Superintendent, "I like it the best of anything I have ever seen. *It is just the thing.*" "Just the thing" is what our schools are all waiting for. The price is only $4.50 per dozen. All schools wishing a new service-book should see a copy of this.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE

—We find in the *Banner* a pleasant letter about a recent excursion of the Auburn School. It is quite too long to repeat in full, but a part of it we gladly borrow, that the young people on the hills and prairies may see what a picnic is like on the sea shore.

"Br. Snow's parish and S. School in Auburn made an excursion, recently, to that charming spot—"Old Orchard Beach." The morning was dog-dayish—cloudy and foggy, which kept many at home, and yet we sold more than four hundred tickets to be used on the occasion

We had not gone far before a powerful rain storm seemed to have set in, and the doubting ones thought that nothing but a rainy day was before them.

But, as a kind Providence would have it, just before we reached the place of our destination, the clouds bottled up their tears, and in a few moments more our happy company found themselves standing upon this grand old beach, listening to the roar of the mighty ocean. There was just wind enough to dash the water in a gentle swell at our feet, and although the thick fog hindered us from looking far out upon the billowy ocean, yet much of its beauty and grandeur came to us on the shore.

Now comes a change of programme. Some dozen or more, men and maidens are seen rushing into the water, pell mell, and are soon plunging beneath the briny tide, or covered by the billows as they roll in upon them. During the few hours we spent at this place, there were doubtless one hundred persons engaged in bathing.

Suddenly there is loud cheering and much clapping of the hands, while a few of the more bold cried, "an elephant, an elephant." A huge mass of flesh and blood was before us attired in a closely fitting bathing suit. It was about five feet eight in height and nearly as many feet in diameter, and it ran down into the sea—for it had legs—as if it had been possessed running only as such proportions could run. When about to the arm pits in water, a heavy sea dashed against it, causing it or him to turn a complete somersault—and for a few minutes the roaring of the sea was lost in the roar of human laughter, while fatty came to the surface, blowing water like a huge porpoise. That was sport for the young ones.

Late in the afternoon the cry was heard "all aboard," and we were soon moving at a rapid speed homeward again, and strange to say, the rain that had "held up" all the time we were at "old Orchard" poured down bountifully on the cars soon after we entered them, and there was but little cessation till we got nearly home, so we literally passed through the fountains of water dry shod, both going and coming, for all which as well as for all other mercies of Providence I trust we are duly grateful."

—The same writer gives an account of a picnic of the neighboring school at South Auburn as follows:

"Last week, the South Auburn Sabbath School and Bible class, with which I have been very pleasantly connected for the last three years, went on a picnic excursion to Poland Mineral Springs, where we had a grand time. One of our number harnessed four sprightly and substantial horses to a carriage upon which was a hayrack, with seats arranged on either side, omnibus fashion, and with birch boughs fastened thickly to therack—so the whole freight of joyous, happy souls were completely sheltered from the rays of the sun. And floating above the green boughs was the "stars and stripes."

This team with numerous others, completed the procession. After a very pleasant ride of six or seven miles, just before noon, we arrived at the justly celebrated mineral springs. and could you have witnessed the scampering to the pool to see who should drink first and most deeply of the health giving beverage, you would have thought us just from some parched and thirsty desert.

Our thirst satiated, and feeling that we had secured an extended lease on life, we took up our line of march to a portion of the grove where tables were already prepared for us. While the party were arranging the beautiful supply of food which had been brought upon the tables, we were told there was a Universalist clergyman on the premises, from Boston Highlands, and a committee was chosen to invite him to join us So we soon had the pleasure of an introduction to our good and genial Br. Patterson who kindly consented to accede to our wishes. After he had offered prayer, and the dinner had been disposed of, Br. P. made brief and eloquent remarks which were highly interesting and instructive. Other strangers, as well as some of our own party, made brief remarks, which were interspersed with singing by a select choir. One gentleman favored us with several devotional plantation songs, such as he had heard the negroes sing on the plantations while they were in bondage. Still another sang a number of Shaker songs, in genuine Shaker style. After these services were closed, the younger portion amused themselves by swinging, playing croquet, &c. &c. Take it all in all, it was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the kind, I ever attended. And we would say to all Sabbath school scholars, if you would have a good time, go and do likewise.

—And yet a third picnic from Maine! Can it be that our friends in that northern region have not found out it is summer until August? This time the *North* Auburn school is included. That town of Auburn must be a great place for Sunday Schools! The account is from Br. Munson.

"Thursday morning, Aug. 28th, found the Turner Universalist Sunday School on the road to Chase's Mills *en masse*. There was to be a union picnic here, and seven schools were invited by what is known as the Snell's Hill Sunday School. Three Universalist schools were among the invited. The day was auspicious, the grove was pleasant, there were swings in every direction, the Hebron and Livermore bands were playing, tables were ready to spread, and five hundred faces were smiling with joy. And all that in spite of a horse trot at Lewisten!

Here comes the North Auburn Universalist school, at the head of which I see Hon. Oscar D. Bailey, W. H Keith, and Geo. H. Dillingham, its efficient Superintendent. Elton Bailey, one of the scholars, drives the "Big Team" with twenty scholars. There is the Hon. S. C. Andrews, Superintendent of the Buckfield Universalist school, forming his scholars into line for the march. He is a live man in the Sunday school, and though his hair is a little silvered, he steps as quickly to the drum beat as his smallest scholar. There are about sixty-five of his school out. Next in the procession is the Turner Universalist Sunday school, Z. A. Gilbert, Superintendent. There are eighty-four scholars in line, with about thirty of the society looking on with pleasure. Next comes the North Auburn school with thirty scholars. They come eight miles for the fun and now are enjoying the occasion. Then come the Congregationalist and Baptist Sunday schools, when the band plays all march under one banner.

Many thought the Millennium had come, and the most doubtful thought it was *coming* very fast.

After the march there was a programme of exercises, cut into two parts by a dinner table a hundred and fifty feet long

The music and speaking by the schools did the schools credit, and the audience good There was speaking by the Rev. Mr. Loring, Congregationalist, of East Sumner, followed by Rev. H. C. Munson, Hon S. C. Andrews, Geo. H. Dillingham, and others.

The picnic was a declared success, every thing passing off profitably as well as pleasantly.

NEW YORK.

—The new Second Society at Syracuse has a Sunday School of 107 pupils.

—The New York State Convention adopted the following resolution in regard to the *Sunday School Helper*.

Resolved, That this Convention does most cordially endorse the *Sunday School Helper*, the only Magazine in our denomination devoted specially to the interest of our Sunday School cause, and that we request every Sunday School in the State not now taking the *Helper* to examine this Magazine carefully, and if it *measurably* meets the necessities of the School to give it the benefit of their approval.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXVIII.—SAUL.

Question. — Who held the garments of those who stoned Stephen?

Answer. — Acts vii. 58.

Q. — To what places did those flee who suffered by the persecution that commenced against Stephen?

A. — Acts xi. 19.

Q. — To whom did some of them offer the gospel freely?

A. — Acts xi. 20.

NOTE. The word Grecian may be taken to mean men of other nations than the Jewish nation.

Q. — At what place was this done?

A. — Acts xi. 20.

Q. — When the report that the gospel was freely preached to men of other nations than the Jewish, reached the church at Jerusalem, what did that church do?

A. — Acts xi. 22.

NOTE The believers at Jerusalem believed that the gospel was for Jews only and those of other nations who should join the Jewish church. And it seemed a great mistake to them, that any should be received as followers of Christ who did not conform to the ceremonial of the Jewish religion. Therefore they sent Barnabas to Antioch, to correct what they regarded as a great error.

Q. — When Barnabas arrived at Antioch and saw the fruit of the gospel from other nations, what was his feeling?

A. — Acts xi. 23.

Q. — Did he exhort them to surrender their doctrines and practice, or to adhere to them?

A. — Acts xi. 23.

Q. — What prompted him to give this advice to the church at Antioch?

A. — Acts xi. 24.

Q. — Were many added to the church?

A. — Acts xi. 24.

Q. — Did Barnabas return to Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xi. 25.

Q. — Where did he go?

A. — Acts xi. 25.

Q. — What did he go there for?

A. — Acts xi. 25.

Q. — When Barnabas had found Saul, what did he do with him?

A. — Acts xi. 26.

Q. — How long did Barnabas and Saul remain with the church at Antioch?

A. — Acts xi. 26.

Q. — What were the believers first called, in Antioch?

A. — Acts xi. 26.

NOTE. Before this time, the believers were called Nazarenes. But these men who preached Jesus to all nations without respect of persons and without requiring conformity to Jewish ceremonials, were not like the Nazarenes, either in doctrine or practice. Nazarenes required all believers to be members of the Jewish church. This new church told men not to join the Jewish church, but to come freely to Christ without regard to race or nation, because Christ had come to draw all men unto him—because Christ, should bless all the families and kindreds and nations of the earth. So men called them Christians.

Q. — When a famine occurred in Judea, what did this first christian church do?

A. — Acts xi. 29.

Q. — By whom did they send their contributions?

A. — Acts xi. 30.

Enigma.

MY first, my second, and my third,
Were sons of Father Adam;
My fourth and fifth men sought to build,
Until the Lord forbade them.

The people journeyed from my sixth,
And on a plan decided,
To build a tower and city, when
My seventh had subsided.

God looked upon it as my eighth,
And so they were not able;
My ninth in counsel then they were:
My whole was done in Babel.

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In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

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